THE
Nation run Mad.

I.

THE Nation had always ſome Token
Of Madneſs, by Turns and by Fits,
Their Senſe was but ſhatter'd and broken,
But now they're quite out of their Wits.

II.

Can any Man ſay the L—d M——r,
Of Parliament likewiſe a Member,
Did wiſely to ſet up a Bear
To Preach on the Fifth of *November*.

III.

Was the Doctor leſs touch'd in his Brain,
To ſtuff his harangue with Gun-Powder,
Or *D——en*, who fir'd the Train,
And made it crack louder, and louder.

IV.

Even *He* who wrought all under-hand,
So thinking to ſave his own Bacon,
Some doubt, if for all his White Wand,
For a Conjurer h' ought to be taken.

V.

But our Senate out-did 'em all
By their ſolemn and grave Proceeding,
On a Pageant in *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
While the Nation lay almoſt a Bleeding.

VI.

In ſuch a Nice Critical State, [ſeveral,
When of Weighty Affairs there were
To ſpend their ſweet Lungs in Debate,
About *Hoadly* and *Henry Sacheverell*.

VII.

Of the Danger that threaten'd the Nation,
From the ſcandalous Term of *Volpone*,
Thrown out on the Man of high Station
Who ſo freely ſupplies us with Money.

VIII.

So as the wild Frolick went round,
It ſeized at laſt on the People,
They ſwore they would pull to the Ground
All Churches that wanted a *Steeple*.

IX.

They Rebell'd in the Doctor's Defence,
Who ſo boldly had cry'd their Pow'r down,
And freely gave up their Pretence
To ſtand by the Church and the Crown.

X.

On the Folks who ſo zealouſly ſtrove
For their Power, they outragiouſly fell,
And by Force of Arms they would prove
They had no Right to Rebel.

XI.

The C——ns by Arguments keen,
From the Senſe of the Doctor's Expreſſions
Prov'd *ſome* Words that *nothing* cou'd mean,
To be Damnable Crimes and Tranſgreſſions.

XII.

The P—rs having all Things regarded,
Affirm'd he had highly offended;
Then Vote that he ſhou'd be rewarded,
And ſo the rare Farce was ended.

XIII.

Thus I've prov'd that the M—r who invited,
And the Zealous Doctor, who preach'd;
The Man who the C——ns incited,
And thoſe that the Doctor Impeach'd.

XIV.

All thoſe who the Queſtion did handle,
The Mobb and all ſuch as did gain-ſay;
The P—rs (be it ſaid without Scandal)
To be all in a deſperate Phrenſy.

XV.

What Remedy then in the Nation
For this Madneſs that really too much is,
But ſome Sober and Wiſe Application
To *S——nd* and the Wiſe D——ſs.

F I N I S.